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WHAT OF THAT?

Tired! Well, what of that?
"Tis but a common thing, is weariness—
And only by exertion's painful stress
May life attain through discipline its goal
And bring to duty's shrine a strengthened soul."

Lonely! Well, what of that?
What is companionship, then, after all,
But some ideal that is bound to fall—
And only through a greater sacrifice
Prove joy unworthy of the purchase price?

Dark! Well, what of that?
So dark its stars might not our fears assuage?
Alas such consolation is the night—
A soul of sorrow wishes not the light.

Hard! Well, what of that?
The galling yoke has calloused so the neck
Of aspiration that it gives no check
To long accustomed habit—all life's task
Is grateful exercise crushed hope would ask.

No help! Well, be it so.
The stouter course we then display
And show a stolid front to stern dismay.
Thus, when all faithfully life's work is done,
Some unseen hand will fit a crown well won.
—George E. Bowen in Chicago Inter Ocean.

OUT OF THE TOMB.

The guests filed slowly into the hotel's
great dining hall and took their places; the
waiters began to serve them leisurely, to
give the tardy ones time to arrive and to
save themselves the bother of bringing
back the courses. And the old bathers,
the yearly habitués, with whom the sea-
son was far advanced, kept a close watch
on the door each time it opened, hoping
for the coming of new faces.

Now faces, the single distraction of all
pleasure resorts! We go to dinner chiefly
to canvass the daily arrivals, to wonder
who they are, what they do and what they
think. A restless desire seems to have
taken possession of us, a longing for pleas-
ant adventures, for friendly acquaintances,
perhaps for possible lovers. In this elbow
to elbow life our unknown neighbors be-
come of paramount importance. Curious-
ity is placed, sympathy on the alert and
the social instinct doubly active.

We have hatred for a week, friendships
for a month and view all men with the
special eyes of watering place intimacy.
Sometimes during an hour's chat after
dinner, under the trees of the park, where
ripples a healing spring we discover men
of superior intellect and surprising merit,
and a month later have wholly forgotten
these new friends, so charming at first sight.

That evening, then, as on every even-
ing, we awaited the appearance of unfa-
miliar faces.

There came only two, but very peculiar
ones, those of a man and woman—father
and daughter. They seemed to have stepped
from the pages of some weird legend,
and yet there was an attraction about
them, albeit an unpleasant one, that made
me set them down at once as the victims
of some fatality.

The father was tall, spare, a little bent,
with hair blanched white—too white for
his still young countenance—and in his
manner and about his person the sedate
austerity of carriage that bespeaks the
Puritan. The daughter was possibly some
24 or 25 years of age. She was very slight,
complexioned, her exceedingly pale coun-
tenance bearing a languid, spiritless ex-
pression—one of those people whom we some-
times encounter, apparently too weak for
the cares and tasks of life, too feeble to
move or do the things that we must do
every day. Nevertheless the girl was
pretty, with the ethereal beauty of an ap-
parition. It was she undoubtedly who came
for the benefit of the waters.

They chanced to be placed at table im-
mediately opposite to me, and I was not
long in noticing that the father, too, had
a strange affection—something wrong
about the nerves it seemed. Whenever he
was going to reach for anything, his hand,
with a jerky twitch, described a sort of
fluttering zigzag before he was able to
grasp what he was after. Soon the motion
disturbed me so much I kept my head
turned in order not to see it, but before I
had also observed that the young girl kept
her glove on her left hand while she ate.

Dinner ended, I went out as usual for a
turn in the grounds belonging to the es-
tablishment, a sort of park, I might say,
stretching clear to the little station of
Auvergne, Chatelet-Guyon, nestling in a
gorge at the foot of the high mountain,
from which flowed the sparkling, bubbling
springs, hot from the furnace of an an-
cient volcano. Beyond us there the domes,
small extinct craters, of which Chatelet-
Guyon is the starting point, raised their
serated heads above the long chain, while
beyond the domes came two distinct re-
gions, one of them needlelike peaks, the
other of low, precipitous mountains.

It was very warm that evening, and I
contented myself with pacing to and fro
under the rustling trees, gazing at the
of the hand pouring from the casino, situat-
ed on a knoll that overlooked the grounds.
Presently I perceived the father and
daughter coming toward me with slow
steps. I bowed to them in that pleasant
continental fashion with which one al-
ways salutes his hotel companions. The
gentleman halted at once.

"Pardon me, sir," said he, "but may I
ask if you can direct us to a short walk,
easy and pretty, if possible?"
"Certainly," I answered, and I offered
to lead them myself to the valley through
which the swift river flows—a deep, nar-
row cleft between two great declivities,
rocky and wooded.

They accepted, and as we walked we nat-
urally discussed the virtue of the mineral
waters. They had, as I surmised, come
there on his daughter's account.
"She has a strange malady," said he,
"the sort of which her physicians cannot
determine. She suffers from the most in-
explicable nervous symptoms. Sometimes
they declare her ill of heart disease; some-
times of a liver complaint, again of a spi-
nal trouble. At present they attribute
it to the stomach—that great motor and
regulator of the body—this protean dis-
ease of a thousand forms, a thousand
modes of attack. It is why we are here.
I myself think it her nerves. In any case
it is very sad."

This reminded me of his own jerking
hand.
"It may be hereditary," says I. "Your
own nerves are a little disturbed, are they
not?"
"Mine?" he answered tranquilly. "Not
at all. I have always possessed the calm-
est nerves." Then suddenly, as if be-
thinking himself:

"For this," touching his hand, "is not
nerves, but the result of a shock; a terri-
ble shock that I suffered once. Fancy it,
sir. This child of mine has been buried
alive!"

I could find nothing to say. I was dumb
with surprise.
"Yes," he continued, "buried alive, but
hear the story—it is not long. For some
time past Juliette had seemed affected
with a disordered action of the heart. We
were fully certain that the trouble was
organic and feared the worst. One day

it came. She was brought in lifeless.
She had fallen dead while walking in the
garden. Physicians came in haste, but
nothing could be done. She was gone.
For two days and two nights I watched
beside her myself, and with my own hands
placed her in her coffin, which I followed
to the cemetery and saw placed in the fam-
ily vault. This was in the country, in the
province of Lorraine.

"It had been my wish, too, that she
should be buried in her jewels, bracelets,
necklace and rings—all presents that I had
given her—and in her first ball dress. You
can imagine, sir, the state of my heart in
returning home. She was all that I had
left. My wife had been dead for many
years. I returned, in truth, half mad,
shut myself alone in my room and fell in-
to my chair dazed, unable to move—merely
a miserable, breathing wretch.

"Soon my old valet, Prosper, who had
helped me place Juliette in her coffin and
lay her away for her last sleep, came in
noiselessly to see if he could not induce me
to eat. I shook my head, answering noth-
ing. He persisted.

"Monsieur is wrong. This will make
him ill. Will monsieur allow me, then,
to put him to bed?"

"No, no," I answered. "Let me alone."

"He yielded and withdrew.
"How many hours passed I do not know.
What a night! What a night! It was very
cold. My fire of logs had long since burned
out in the great fireplace, and the wind—
a wintry blast, charged with an icy frost—
howled and screamed about the house
and strained at my windows with a curi-
ously sinister sound.

"Long hours, I say, rolled by. I sat still
where I had fallen, prostrated, overwhelm-
ed; my eyes wide open, but my body
strengthless—dead; my soul drowned in
despair. Suddenly the great bell gave a
loud peal.

"I gave such a leap that my chair
cracked under me. The slow, solemn
sound rang through the empty house. I
looked at the clock. It was 2 in the morn-
ing. Who could be coming at such an hour?

"Twice again the bell pulled sharply.
The servants would never answer—per-
haps never heard it. I took up a candle
and made my way to the door. I was
about to demand:

"Who is there?" but, ashamed of the
weakness, nerved myself and drew back
the bolts. My heart throbbed, my pulse
beat, I threw back the panel brusquely
and there in the darkness saw a shape
like a phantom, dressed in white.

"I recoiled, speechless with anguish,
stammering:

"Who—who are you?"

"A voice answered:

"It is I, father."

"It was my child—Juliette.

"Truly I thought myself mad. I shud-
dered, shrinking backward before the spec-
ter as it advanced, gesticulating with my
hand to ward off the apparition. It is that
gesture which has never left me.

"Again the phantom spoke:
"Father, father! See, I am not dead.
Some one came to rob me of my jewels—
they cut off my finger—the flowing
blood revived me."

"And I saw then that she was covered
with blood. I fell to my knees, panting,
sobbing, laughing, all in one. As soon as
I regained my senses, but still so bewil-
dered I scarcely comprehended the happi-
ness that had come to me, I took her in
my arms, carried her to my room and rang
frantically for Prosper to rekindle the fire,
bring a warm drink for her and go for the
doctor."

"He came running, entered, gazed at
a moment at my daughter in the chair, gave
a gasp of fright and horror and fell back
—dead."

"It was he who had opened the vault,
who had wounded and robbed my child
and then abandoned her, for he could not
efface all trace of his deed, and he had not
even taken the trouble to return the coffin
to its niche, sure, besides, of not being
suspected by me, who trusted him so fully.
We are truly very unfortunate people,
monsieur."

He was silent.

Meanwhile night had come on, envelop-
ing in the gloom the still and solitary lit-
tle valley. A sort of mysterious dread
seemed to fall upon me in presence of these
strange beings—this corpse come to life
and this father with his painful gestures.

"Let us return," said I; "the night has
grown chill."

And still in silence we retraced our
steps back to the hotel, and I shortly after-
ward returned to the city. I lost all fur-
ther knowledge of the two peculiar vis-
itors to my favorite summer resort—Guy
de Maupassant.

Crusty Carlyle.
Carlyle suffered from dyspepsia and dis-
appointment. He was therefore neither
over-sympathetic in intercourse with his
friends nor fair in his estimates of other
writers.

Though he personally liked Tennyson,
he spoke with impatience of his "cobbling
his odes," dismissed Jane Austen's novels as
"dish washings," Hallam, the histo-
rian, as "dry as dust," and Goldsmith as an
"Irish blackguard."

Even the writers of editorials in the
press were saluted with this hard saying:
"What are these fellows doing? They only
serve to cancel one another." A charac-
teristic anecdote illustrates his cruel dis-
position, which provoked him to inflict
pain even on a friend.

An artist who frequented Carlyle's house
painted a picture of him in his dressing
gown, smoking a pipe by the fireside, and
Mrs. Carlyle in an armchair sitting oppo-
site him. The picture was hung at one of
the Royal Academy's exhibitions, and
though not a striking work of art was
purchased by Lord Ashburton, Carlyle's
friend, for £500.

The delighted artist hurried off to the
Carlyles, expecting congratulations on the
sale and some manifestation of pleasure
on their part at having such a value set on
a picture of themselves and their domestic
interior. He delivered his glad tidings,
but all the response he received from Car-
lyle was:

"Well, in my opinion, £500 was just
£495 too much!"—Youth's Companion.

Steel and Magnetism.

The attention of the Royal Society of
Great Britain has been directed to the
electro-chemical effects on magnetizing
iron, the experiments being as follows:
From a long, finely polished rod two steel
bars were cut adjacently, so that they were
practically alike in general composition
and structure. These bars were both
weighed and then immersed in equal quan-
tities of cupric chloride solution, one of
them having previously been magnetized.
After a certain time—6 to 24 hours—they
were taken out of the solution, freed from
deposited copper and carbonaceous mat-
ter, then dried and again weighed, the re-
sult being that in every case the magnet-
ized bar had lost more in weight than the
unmagnetized bar—that is, an average of
some 20 experiments showed an increase of
corrosion in the steel, due to magnetic in-
fluence, of about 3 per cent, under the con-
ditions of experiment.—New York Sun.

WHERE HE FOUND HIS NAME.

Gentlemanly Dick, the Firm Driver Who
Defended the Fair Sex.

"Gentlemanly Dick he was called,"
and the speaker took his pipe out of his
mouth and glanced around the waiting
room where he and two comrades were
sitting watching for the night express
with the hope of getting a few passen-
gers for the hotels. They were all busi-
ness drivers, young and hearty looking fel-
lows.

"Yes," mused one of the men, "I
know who he is. I seen him one day not
long since. He had just rescued a poor
'croppy' lookin' dog from the boys and
said he was goin' to take it home to his
gals. What was the reason of his bein'
called 'Gentlemanly Dick'?"

"Didn't you never know?" asked the
first speaker.

"Nope. Let's hear about it. I've had
some curiosity to know," and the other
two men lit their pipes afresh and set-
tled themselves comfortably in expecta-
tion of the forthcoming interesting nar-
rative.

"Well, you see, he uster drive for
the Brown House. Drove their best bus
for eight years, and he allus tipped his
hat to the passengers. Some of them he
seen so often he got to know 'em, and
they'd say some pleasant thing now and
then to make a feller feel good. One
night him and me was settin' round this
here stove, and there was four fellers
come in. They sat down in that there
corner," and the speaker jerked his
thumb toward the spot indicated, "and
begun to talk. I was settin' here smokin'
and Dick was smokin' too. He wasn't
sayin' much, but seemed to be doin' some
deep thinkin'. Every little while he
would run his fingers through his thin
gray hair.

"All of a sudden one of them fellers
let out a string of oaths as long as my
arm." And the speaker held out a good
brawny specimen for illustration.

"Dick didn't say nothin', but he
looked up sudden and scowled; then he
puffed away on his pipe again. Finally
one of them made a remark. Well, it
was pretty sweepin'. 'Twas about women
in general, and there wasn't no gettin'
round it. It made me hot. Well, sir,
Dick got right up and walked over to
them.

"'Boys,' he sez, 'I've lived nearly 60
years, and in the same space of time
I've never heard so much profanity, vile
talk and slander as I've heard from you
fellows tonight in 20 minutes.' Then
he went on: 'I had a mother and a wife,
God bless 'em, and I've got one sister
still livin', though I hain't seen her for
years, and it makes me shiver in my
boots to hear the way you speak. You
are all good lookin' chaps and seem well
dressed and respectable. For the sake of
your mothers, sweethearts or wives quit
talkin' such wickedness. I don't mean
to be harsh. I only speak with the priv-
ilege which comes of old age.'

"Them fellers, sir, if you'll believe
me, set still and never spoke all the
while that Dick was a-talkin'. Finally
one feller, who knew Dick, the biggest
one in the crowd, said in a hearty way:
'Thanks, old fellow. I say, boys, three
cheers for Gentlemanly Dick.' And they
were given with a hearty will. Then
one after another got up and sneaked
out in the night. Hello, here comes
the express! Hope she's loaded for this
here town.' And the men all left. The
little waiting room which had served as
a lecture room was vacant.—Chicago
Tribune.

Why Chinamen Change Signs.

A Washington street Chinaman
changed his sign the other day, name
and all. One of his customers, after the
sign had been changed, stopped in to
see if a new Chinaman had taken pos-
session of the place. He found the same
landlady as had been there for a
good many months.

"What did you change the name on
your sign for?" was asked of him.

"Oh, that nothin'. Only sign name.
That's all."

"Why don't you put your own name
on the sign?"

"Oh, see if I sellee place, can't sellee
sign. See? Any name good sign. That's
all."

He then explained that it was a com-
mon practice among Chinamen to change
their signs frequently, and that by so
doing they believed that it encouraged
trade and thus reimbursed them for the
expenditure in red paint and unprom-
isable characters.—Buffalo Ex-
press.

Forty Winks For Insomnia.

"I have a new remedy for insomnia,"
said the nervous member as he entered
the club rooms.

"If it is good, tell us about it."

"It is very simple. Just go to bed and
take the most comfortable position for
sleeping. Then slowly open and close
your eyes. If, after 40 winks, you are
not asleep, then try 40 more. The great
difficulty with victims of insomnia is
that they almost always fall to thinking
of the events of the day. This may be
prevented by persistent counting, but
that is itself a mental effort and wakes
one up. Not so, however, with winking.
I defy any of you to think of anything
else while you are engaged in this sim-
ple exercise."—Utica Observer.

A Homemade Sign.

On Lexington avenue near Eighty-
third street there stands in front of a
shoemaker's shop a home painted sign
that is pitifully comic. It would be a
painfully deformed man indeed who
could wear a boot shaped like the one
thereon displayed, beneath which is the
announcement that "Laddies shoes"
will be "half sold" and heeled for one
price; "Childrens and nans" for an-
other. Apropos of this subject, I saw a
shoemaker's sign the other day bearing
the euphonious and appropriate name of
Shintog.—Polly Pry in New York Re-
corder.

What She Keeps.

Miss Tweed—That Mrs. Chirp is hor-
rid! I don't believe she can keep any-
thing.

"Oh, yes. She keeps telling every-
thing she hears."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

New York Stock Market.

New York, April 25.—The long ex-
pected decision in the Chicago Gas quo-
warranto case was made public after
the close of the stock exchange yester-
day and naturally enough operators
were much disturbed as to the effect of
the attorney general's adverse opinion as
to the legality of the company. The
street has all along expected that the
decision would be against the company,
but it did not look for such a sweeping
condemnation of the concern's methods.
The first impression of holders was
to sell the stock, and at the start 3,000
shares were sold at 64½c against 66½c
at the close yesterday. The stock led
all the rest during the first two hours
of business, and 50,000 shares changed
hands. During the remainder
of the session only 13,700
shares were traded in. Representatives
of the company here will contest the
matter to the end. They claim that
the attorney general's charge can be
disproved. Distillers was another weak
spot at the opening, receding ½ to 23½,
but the general list held up remarkably
well, and towards 11 o'clock began to
move up.

General Electric, the Grangers, Mis-
souri Pacific, Louisville and Nashville,
Delaware and Hudson and Western Union
were in the best demand, but the
improvement was not specially marked.
Speculation, except in Chicago Gas, was
quiet and even activity in this stock, as
noted, was confined to the early session.
In the closing dealings Sugar, New
England and distillers were firm on
moderate trading. The market closed
firm at ½% per cent. Chicago lost
2½ per cent. for the day. Total sales
were 148,220 shares of which 63,700 were
Chicago Gas. American Sugar, which
came next, figured for 14,100 shares.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent.;
last loan at one and closing offered at 1
per cent. Prime mercantile paper,
3½ to 4 per cent. Bar silver 64½.
Sterling exchange is firm, with
actual business in bankers' bills at
48½ to 48¾ for sixty days, and 48¾
to 48½ for demand; posted rates, 48½
to 48¾. Commercial bills were 48½ to
48¾ for sixty days. Government
bonds firm, State bonds dull, rail-
road bonds irregular. Silver at the board
was neglected. Norfolk and Western
stock closed at 22½.

Produce and Merchandise.

New York, April 25.—Flour quiet,
unsettled; winter wheat, low grades,
2.00 to 2.45; fair to fancy, 2.45 to 2.65; pa-
tents, 3.10 to 3.45; Minnesota clear, 2.50
to 2.90; patents, 3.00 to 4.45; low extras,
2.05 to 2.45. Southern flour dull, steady;
common to fair extra, 2.00 to 3.00; good
to choice, 3.10 to 4.20. Wheat easier,
moderately active; No. 2 red, store and
elevator 61½ to 61¾, softest 62½; options
were fairly active and irregular with
the opening weak at ¼% decline,
rallying ½% to ¾% and closing
firm and unchanged to ¾% down; No.
2 red closed, April, 61½; May, 61¾;
July, 64.

Corn quiet, firmer; No. 2, 44½ to 44¾
elevator, 44½ to 45½; softest; options dull,
at ¼% advance, closing strong; June,
44½; April, 44¾; May, 44½. Oats
firmer; options fairly active; April, 35½;
May, 38½; July, 37 spot; No. 2, 40; No.
2 white, 41½; mixed Western, 40 to 41½;
white do., 41 to 45½. Hay, choice
firmer on light supply; shipping, 60 to
65; good to choice,